

THE LADY'S PEARL.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

Original.

"I SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A LADY, eminent for piety, and for the faithful exercise of the maternal virtues, died recently in London; and a few hours before her departure, was observed, with a lovely expression of countenance, to be whispering, "I shall see Him as He is."

"Shall see Him as He is!" Whom shalt thou see?
That dear, dear Friend, who for our sakes did bear
Scourge, persecution and the blood-stain'd cross,
That we the mansions of the just might share?

"Shall see Him as He is!" What shalt thou see?
Hands stretch'd to raise thee to a pardoning breast,
And lips o'erflowing with the words divine—
"Come, good and faithful! enter to thy rest?"

Say, will this win thee from thy cherish'd joys?
The loving partner of thy youthful days?
The pleasant home? the first-born boy, who woke
A warmth that lingered in thy deathful gaze?

The fair, fair girl? the merry, dove-eyed babe,
That in its nurse's arms unconscious leaps,
Nor dreams what treasure rifled from its arms,
Beneath the church-yard's sacred shadow sleeps?

Speak, angel—answer! But, alas, how vain
To put such questions to the blest above,
Who, safe from ills of earth, by tears unstain'd,
Are wrapp'd in Heaven's refulgent smile of love.

Thou, who *hast* seen Him as He is, inspire
Our wandering feet in wisdom's paths to go,
And with one echo from thy golden lyre,
Lure the sad mourners from their depths of wo.

Original.

THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

"Is Ellen at home this morning, Mrs. Lawrence?" said Clarinda Andros, presenting herself at the parlor door with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Yes, Clarinda—walk in and take a seat on the sofa."

"I am obliged to you, but I can't stop. I am going to make a few calls, and should like to have Ellen with me. If she is in her room, I will run up and ask her."

"She's not in her room, but is busy in the kitchen. I hardly think she will be able to accompany you to-day."

"Busy in the kitchen! What has happened? Are Phebe and Sally gone, or are they sick?"

"O no—Phebe is giving lessons to Ellen, and Sally, I dare say, finds enough to do."

"Phebe giving lessons to Ellen! Surely, Mrs. Lawrence, you are joking."

"By no means. Ellen has, for some time past, spent a part of two forenoons in the kitchen every week. She can already make excellent bread and several kinds of puddings; can roast a piece of meat, and knows how to cook potatoes and other vegetables. She is this morning engaged in making pastry."

"She is not qualifying herself for a cook by profession, I hope."

"No; but if she should ever become a wife, I wish her to have a sufficient knowledge of every thing appertaining to household affairs to save her the perplexity, mortification and even tears, which ignorance in that respect has occasioned in several instances which have fallen under my observation."

"Well, for my part I can't see that it is necessary for the only daughter of the wealthiest man in town to descend to the drudgery of the kitchen. My mother would be unwilling to permit me to spend so much time in company with servants, for fear that I should unconsciously imbibe a coarseness of language and manners."

"Ann," said Sydney Bartlett to his sister, "I have, of late, met with two young ladies on several occasions, who appear so nearly equal in mental as well as personal charms, that I can't well choose between them; and as it is thought that women can better discriminate, as respects the good or ill qualities of their own sex, than we men, I should like to have your opinion."

"You refer to Ellen Lawrence and Clarinda Andros, I suspect?"

"Yes."

"Really, Sydney, I don't know but that I should have nearly as much difficulty in choosing between them, as you. On reflection, however, there is one thing which would, I think, cause me to prefer Ellen."

"What is that?"

"She has more energy than Clarinda—more strength of character. Should they both be called to encounter adversity, I imagine that while Ellen would be roused to exertion, Clarinda would be in danger of sinking into utter helplessness."

"Ellen is the girl for me, then; for, although I should wish my wife to be perfectly feminine in her tastes and pursuits, I fear that I should feel a contempt for her, should I discover any thing approaching to imbecility."

Sydney Bartlett was a young man of sterling worth, possessing a fine person and attractive manners, as well as an abundance of this world's goods. Ellen knew that

he was highly esteemed by her parents, and she had for some time entertained a greater regard for him than she cared to acknowledge even to herself; and when, several weeks after the foregoing conversation with his sister, he made an offer of his hand, she accepted it, without deeming it necessary to play off any airs of coquetry.

A young gentleman by the name of Leverett Reed—a cousin to Sydney—engaged himself to Clarinda near the same time; and the two young girls, who had been companions from their childhood, were wedded within a few weeks of each other. Their worldly prospects were nearly equal. Each became the mistress of a spacious and elegant mansion splendidly furnished: it was thought, however, that Mrs. Reed evinced superior taste in the selection of a few costly articles. We have not space to follow them step by step, but will present a letter written by Miss Elizabeth Reed—an aunt to Leverett and Sydney—about six years after their marriage.

Dear Sarah: I had a very pleasant journey from Meadville to the city; and went directly to Leverett's, he being, as you well know, several years older than Sydney. I found the house large and handsome, and full of costly furniture, but which was not in altogether such nice order as that in our little cottage at Meadville. The rich carpets were defaced, and the velvet-cushioned chairs and satin curtains were not wholly free from dust. Clarinda was dressed in a rich silk, but I was sorry to see, that, owing to her being slipshod, she came forward to welcome me with a very awkward gait. She appeared glad to see me, but I soon found that she was laboring under great depression of spirits. It was not long before she revealed the cause. The housemaid, she said, had gone home, sick with the throat-distemper, and Bethiah, the cook, and Janet, the chambermaid, had been both taken ill of the same disorder during the night. Her husband had spent all the morning without having been able to procure any one to supply the place of either. At this moment, our ears were greeted with the shrill cry of an infant. She hastened to a door that opened into a back apartment.

"Susan," said she, "what is the matter with the baby? Why do you neglect him?"

"I was obliged to set him down, ma'am," replied the girl, "or I shall never get dinner ready. I must go see to the fire, or the meat wont be half roasted, and as for the peas, I have been trying to shell them this half hour, but the child cries the moment I touch one."

"If you will take the baby, Clarinda, I will go and shell the peas," said I.

"O no, aunt," she replied; "I should be ashamed for you to go to work the moment you entered the house."

I insisted, however, and proceeding to the room where the girl had left both baby and peas, I commenced my task. Clarinda followed me, and took the child—a poor, pale-looking little thing, it having just recovered from the distemper with which Bethiah and Janet were ill. The child's ill humor evidently proceeded from a want of repose, for in less than fifteen minutes it was in a sound sleep. It would undoubtedly have fallen asleep long before, had not the girl's attention been divided among so many different things as to prevent her from indulging it with its customary quiet. Clarinda's neglect of her child did not appear to proceed from a deficiency of maternal affection, but from an insuperable aversion to engage in any useful, or what she calls vulgar employment.

As the hour for dinner was approaching, I told her that I would set the table, as I supposed she would go to the kitchen to overlook Susan a little, as she had informed me that she was the nursery-maid, and knew nothing about preparing a dinner. She said, however, that it would be entirely useless for her to go, as she knew still less about it than the girl. I came near making a reply that was more true than polite, but, as I felt a little angry, upon reflection, I thought I had better defer both admonition and advice, till my mind was in a more suitable state to administer them.

"Will you direct me where to find the table-cloth?" said I.

"I will get it for you," she replied; and she commenced searching in different places, with the air of a person quite at a loss where to look. "I can't imagine what Susan did with it," said she—at the same time ringing the bell.

Susan, with a flushed face, which betrayed the heat and anxiety induced by her unaccustomed task, made her appearance.

"Bring me the table-cloth," said her mistress.

"I don't know where it is," she replied; but after hunting a few minutes, she produced a superb damask cloth, very much crumpled, and by no means immaculate.

I spread it upon the table, and Susan and I, between us, succeeded in gathering together the plates, knives and forks, and the other necessary paraphernalia, which I arranged to Clarinda's satisfaction. In a few minutes, my nephew came home. He welcomed me with great cordiality, but expressed his regret at their not being in a condition to entertain me as well as he could desire.

Susan now made her appearance with the meat, which was burnt to a cinder on one side and scarcely warmed on the other. The gravy resembled weak soup, and the peas were only half boiled. While dining upon this unsavory fare, Leverett endeavored to conceal his real chagrin by an affectation of pleasantry.

"Have we no pudding to-day, Clarinda?" said he, after eating a small slice of the meat, and attempting to masticate a few of the hard peas.

"No; Susan says she never made a pudding in her life, and I am sure I never did."

"We will take the strawberries then, I sent home this morning."

"That we can't do," replied his wife, "for Eddy and Milly found them before they were sent to school, and ate and wasted every one of them before I knew it."

Leverett said nothing more, and we all finished our meal on some dry baker's bread.

Finding that my presence caused considerable mortification to my nephew, the next morning, soon after breakfast, I took my leave, and went to Sydney Bartlett's. I was not without my fears that if the epidemic had crept into his family likewise, there would be but little enjoyment either for them or myself. I had not been there many minutes before I concluded that my apprehensions were without foundation. Order and neatness reigned throughout the splendid mansion. Ellen, who looked as blooming as when I first saw her, had on a very pretty calico frock; and her shoes, I was glad to perceive, were not down at the heel. After the space of about an hour, which we had spent very pleasantly in conversation, she rose, and saying that her cook being unfortunately sick of the prevailing epidemic, requested me to excuse her while she went to assist in preparing dinner. "As you are fond of reading," she added, "you will be at no loss for amusement, as there are a number of new publications on the center-table."

Sydney arrived in due season, and we sat down to a dinner not remarkable for its richness or variety; but every thing was the best of its kind, and so nicely prepared as to have an effect peculiarly grateful. The absence of all other fruit at the dessert, was abundantly supplied by the finest strawberries I ever saw, gathered fresh from the garden.

That knowledge is power in every sense of the word, I was most fully convinced during the week which I remained in the family. Ellen, by being able to direct a girl who, although capable and willing, was wholly unaccustomed to the kind of labor required of her, without incurring any great fatigue herself, succeeded in preserving the order and comfort of the domestic establishment unimpaired, till those members of the household suffering from indisposition were so far recovered as to resume their appropriate duties.

I had a homelike feeling while at Sydney's, although I am not accustomed to so

large a house and so much splendor, which I am sure I could never have at Leverett's, for there can be no real comfort where the mistress of the family is so wholly dependent on others as Clarinda—at least, there can be no real New England comfort.

I am, at present, at your brother's, with whose princely style of living you are too well acquainted to need a description. With all my enjoyment here, I have not forgotten my home at Meadville, and almost envy you your happiness these long, quiet afternoons, as you sit in the little back parlor, with the windows shaded with my favorite white roses and honeysuckles, now in full bloom. I like to walk in your brother's large garden, and listen to the rustling of the leaves, for it seems like a voice of home; and a clump of violets which I discovered one day growing at the foot of a tree, while I was at Sydney's, gave me more pleasure than the rarest plant.

Tell Edwin and Mary, that if I find they have been good children, I shall have something for them, when I return, the first of next week.

Yours, truly,

ELIZABETH REED.

Original.

POETRY.

BY L. S. H.

POETRY is an attribute of every created thing; and he who best utters it, but gives a tongue to all the works of his Maker's hand. It acknowledges no limits: it pervades the undivided universe. Its origin is with the great Uncreated.

Poetry deals in truths the eye cannot see; but they are immutable realities, nevertheless. And is it naught that the gifted spirit should soar away far from earth in its lofty imaginings, and feast its imperishable self upon things invisible? And if it chance to bring here and there a gem from the upper sky, in token of its aerial flight, who shall spurn away the rich treasure because it was not dug from the earth beneath our feet? Who, that glories in an immortality of being, shall deny the sway of the incomprehensible unseen, and call visionary all that is not tangible? Who would chain up the soul within itself, and narrow the limits of its prison-house, and make it "all of life to live," and make that living consist in a mere enjoyment of what the eye can reach, and the hand can grasp? Nay, that is *not* life which finds its pleasure thus: it may be breathing, acting, but that word, *life*, hath a higher, a holier import. There is a soul in the unsophisticated man, that *will not* take its portion of daily bread even, much less its luxuries and adornings from the material world.

But, perhaps I mistake terms; for I confess I do not know what ideas are, in common parlance, attached to the word. If it means simply, rhyme—sounds that must jingle, sense or no sense; words measured arbitrarily into feet; lines that begin with a capital, and end with a flourish—why, then, I have been cherishing a phantom, and clinging to a delusion, and will haste to give back my theme to the hand whence I received it. My own definition would be, that poetry is a lucid, vivid, forcible expression of invisible realities. The language of deep feeling, strong emotion, and the sweeter music of the flow of the soul's gentler current, are poetical. Whatever moves the inner being, and disengages it from this "earthly clog," is poetry. Whatever has power to control the passions, to disannul the sway of "things present"—to rob temptation of its charms, and snatch from the snare its prey, contains the essence of poetry. Its name, then, is no unmeaning one. They call it a twin sister of fiction, and link

it, even, to the ideal inhabitants of vague nonentity. But, methinks, they have forgotten that the spiritual shall exist when this corporeal veil shall have ceased to darken its clear-sighted vision. They shall understand what poetry is, when this "mortal shall have put on immortality."

Poetry is the broad expanse of truth, natural, moral, or intellectual, unfolded to the senses through the medium of the *mind*. It ceases to be poetry, in proportion as its knowledge depends upon what our eyes can see, and our hands can handle. Nature is all poetry, for we can trace the Invisible with the keen eye of our better self, through all her domains. Philosophy, astronomy and mathematics are not strangers to the muse. Without her aid we can readily understand that two and two make four, but a few moments' abstract contemplation of the harmony, order, utility and grandeur of the whole "science of numbers," rouses a feeling far more elevating than any fact contained in elementary principles. Perchance she had naught to do with inventing telescopes, discovering the motions of the heavenly bodies, or calculating eclipses; yet how much pleasure would such knowledge give us, if it were not for the lofty aspirings, the hallowed associations, the dreams of the unseen and spiritual, that connect themselves, unavoidably and always, with the wonders unfolded by astronomy? What beauty should we behold in the starry sky, if it were not that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork"? Our senses take cognizance of the finely curved arch, the brilliant tints and delicate blendings portrayed in imagery drawn by the sun upon the vapor-cloud; but those who discover not in the rainbow a beauty beyond that of form and hue, have yet to learn the art of living much in a little while.

If, then, poetry is everywhere around us, above us, beneath us, and in the depth of our own spirits, it is not, as some would have it, an idle task to bring to light the hidden treasure. Was it not given to unman us of pride and selfishness, to annihilate care, discontent and vexation, and win us away from too close fellowship with such things as "perish with the using"? Whispers it not to us the alphabet of our existence, and gives it not initiatory lessons in the art of living? Is not unuttered poetry the dialect in which we talk with spiritual existences, when, in the stillness of unbroken thought, we leave this "clay tenement" and commune with other beings in other climes? How could we hold converse with absent or departed friends, if the poetry of feeling were erased from among the elements of humanity?

The book of books is a text-book of poesy. This fountain is "ever flowing, ever full." I envy not sensibility of soul to that person who has not been wrapt in ecstasy by the melodious harp of the "sweet singer of Israel," the tender pathos of the weeping prophet, or the unearthly inspirations of the 'high-souled Isaiah. Whose spirit has not been stirred by the thrilling accents of the apostle Paul, and whose heart has not been touched by the affectionate strains of "that disciple whom Jesus loved," and whose being has not yielded to the omnipotent eloquence of Him who "spake as never man spake"?

Our holy religion abounds in poetry. It beamed in the very aspect of its divine Original. There is untold poetry in that word, *eternity*. There is unutterable poetry in the character of the triune God; and it is here only that all its mighty energies can be called into exercise. No theme beside can fill up the measure of the word. Say not that this is desecration to the name of the Christian's God. If there is sacrilege in the thought, it is because the term expressive of our highest sense of Him has been polluted by companionship that belongs not to it.

Poetry is inseparably linked to the doctrine of the soul's immortality; and "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Original.

SONNET. TO SHAKSPEARE.

BY MRS. C. T. CLARKE.

THOU, of the master wand, whose murm'ring lay
 E'en yet across the soul in music floats!
 Hushed (not forever) are those magic notes,
 Though mingled with the dust thy slumb'ring clay!
 No more on Avon's tide the white swan sings,
 No more thy hand shall sweep the golden lyre;
 Varished for aye, from earth those eyes of fire
 The bird hath closed in death its weary wings!
 Amid the stars thou dwell'st! Thy meed is high!
 Shrined 'mid the elements that bade thee live,
 Inspired thee with a power that could not die,
 Thine be the fame eternity doth give!
 How vain all mortal homage! Silver wave!
 That blest his birth, make hallowed Shakspeare's grave!

EMILY LANGUERRE,

OR THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

THE gray of morning was already dawning, when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But, alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked, in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, wet to the skin—curse it," said the man, "why aint you in bed and asleep, you brat?"

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping, for?" said the wretch—"it's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in the morning—get to bed, you imp—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer—fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Aint you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into fury—"give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh, father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow, bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother; she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now." And as

the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path, and said, "You mustn't—you mustn't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate, angrily; "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey *me*?—take that, and that, you imp;" and, raising his hand, he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain, soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, on which there was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh, woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year, he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still, through every mishap, that sainted woman had clung to him—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform, but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him, should she too leave him? She had borne much, but, alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption—but it was not that which was killing her—*she was dying of a broken heart!*

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man, besides, was in a passion.

"Curse it, woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—"is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh! mother's dead!"

It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself.—He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he sobered at once; "dead, dead," he continued, in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I

have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead, say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand—watering it with his tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts at length partially restored her and the first thing she saw, upon reviving, was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Wo, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as man never sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God, annihilate me for my guilt!"

"Charles," said the dying woman, in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like a whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but, oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him, too," murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in—I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh, no, you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his, and continued feebly—

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour; and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come, for I have felt that within me which whispered that all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done. I am weak—I feel that I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers—he kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is your child—our only born—when I am gone, he will have none to take care of him but you; and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live;" she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings—"will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker above me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed, against which he leaned, shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy?—as you love your mother, child, you will."

"Oh, yes," sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but, mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing the child feebly to her, "Father, give him strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and boy, and the low deathlike tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that, giving way to his grief, pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice:

"Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone; and then, after a second, added, "poor babe, he doesn't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet, how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter—"this is death—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But, oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

Original.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BY MRS. J. E. LOCKE.

(Continued from page 44.)

THE anticipated hour at length arrived; lovely features and young forms, moving to the impulses of gentle minds and trusting hearts, paired with the galliard and gallant, had already gathered and exchanged their greetings and congratulations at Mrs. D.'s; and the loud laugh, accompanied by music and song, awoke the spirits, even of those who had turned aside from the dull and toilsome occupations of the day, or who had attempted for an hour to throw hypocrisy of heart over their secret grief and care. In a recess, slightly apart from the many and the gay, stood one in a costume bordering on the Grecian, whose very presence, not only by her graceful exterior, but by her inward character, gave a charm to the whole scene. On her countenance sat a joyousness of expression that seemed not to demand such worldly effort at parade, or the ministrations of the many to confirm the spirit's happiness. From the deep fountain of her own heart, there seemed to flow a channel broad enough to fertilize its

own rich pastures, and needed but the tributary streams of a few congenial minds; and yet, so far from betraying in any way a sadness preventing her from joining in all the joy around her, or a contempt for what she had not chosen to participate in, she looked there a mere spectator of the manners of others.

Many people suppose it should be rather humbling to those of uncommon mental resources, to pine for society—to desire to mingle in scenes of festivity and mirth; but it was well said, by one whose sentiments we are not disposed to approve in all things, though, in common phrase, she has told many a lovely truth in a winning way, and to whose skirts we cannot cling through evil and through good report, Harriet Martineau, that “the resources of the mind cannot supply the wants of the heart,” and so thought our heroine, for it was no other than she whom we just now described, and therefore was she frequently where heartlessness and superficiality take the place of solid interchange of thought and true sentiment, and where mirth and merriment frequently pass for joy.

But, on this occasion, as I have already said, she had other motives than a momentary relaxation or excitement, or a desire to fill a vacuum which probably naturally exists in every mind, however great or well furnished, appropriated originally and expressly to variety and amusement, which is often supplied by society indiscriminately, for she believed there would be present more than one whose thoughts and feelings were in unison with her own—more than one the temperature of whose heart was raised to the glowing heat and enthusiasm of that which beat in her own bosom. Curiosity was, perhaps, her ruling motive on this occasion; nor was she disappointed or mistaken in her conjecture, for directly opposite to her, on the other side of the room, stood the stranger before mentioned, Mr. Baker, whose character, in many respects, was a counterpart of her. Having been educated at the North, he had acquired a relish for our northern habits and manners; and therefore, as soon as his professional studies were completed, he located himself in the city of ———. Though the inheritor of wealth from a long line of ancestry, he had none of that sluggishness of spirit which characterizes the sons of the rich, but he felt he could only be great by his own individual efforts, and that to enjoy the patrimony of others, he must secure it by his own exertions—a lesson many an heir to nobler heritage has left unlearned, and therefore the glory of his house has departed. While at the time we introduce him to the reader, he had resided in the city but a few months, yet report had spoken most proudly of his mind, and public opinion had noted on its ledger many a count taken from mental application and talented research, which might have been at a future day, a seal to his glory. He possessed, also, a dignity of person and accomplishment of manners, which, while it went before him a kind of halo for his character, had, without an effort, won his way to many a female heart—at least, he was taken into general favor; and be it to the credit, or otherwise, of the young ladies in the city of ———, there was scarce one who, for some reason or other, could appear unembarrassed in his presence. There were many others, also, present at Mrs. D.’s, who were strangers to Mary, but with an adroitness of calculation her eye had already singled him out as the subject of her friend’s encomiums the day previous. While she was eagerly scanning his imposing figure—tall, straight and athletic, and of noble proportions—her attention was diverted by a cordial grasp of the hand, and a cheerily “Good evening, Mary—I thought you would be here,” from her friend, Hope.

At first, a blush suffused her face as if ashamed of the motive that brought her there—for, on the way, she could not but feel she was doing a weak, if not a silly thing; thus, on the principle of “a guilty conscience,” whether of crime or folly, a slight embarrassment came over her. True, however, to her own high nature, she immediately replied:

"Yes—I could not withstand your entreaties, and a desire to see what I never saw before—my own counterpart and likeness in the character and person of another; and such a curiosity would have taken me a longer mile even."

The two friends then held a long and low-toned conversation; and when it was finished, they walked to the other side of the room, where Mr. Baker was standing, engaged in a sportive conversation with a young lady, who seemed not a little piqued when, after a formal introduction by her friend, and a few commonplace observations on his part, he led Mary Emmons through the whirling mazes of a cotillon,* a participation in which he had but a few moments before declined, when invited by the host to join it.

The dancers ceased at length, and upon a sofa at the upper end of the room, seated in earnest conversation, were our heroine and Horace Baker.

How easily do we note the acquaintance of some persons, and how kindly, cordially and readily are we led up to their hearts and into their affections; while, in others, when there are no outward barriers even, and the customs of society present no obstacles whatever, we are distanced, and they seem to gather up the very skirts of their hearts and gird the falling drapery of their souls about them, as if resolved no one should be the wiser or the happier for their acquaintance. Heaven forgive such coldness and harshness in the world: it has caused more of uncharitableness and misanthropy than barefaced injury and envy have ever done. We say, where there are no outward barriers, and the regulations of society present no obstacles, for we are of Miss Sedgwick's opinion, that "there can be no true equality except among the Hot-tentots," meaning there must of necessity be *grades* in society, yet, perhaps frequently, the lowest should be highest, and the highest, lowest. But the pair we have just seated had neither of them anything of the latter propensities, and it needed no art of divination to predict that an intimacy would rapidly grow from acquaintance between two natures so similar, whatever some may say of the most sacred of all intimacies being formed, in many instances, of the very opposites of character. That they are sometimes, we admit, but we should be loth to be one of the parties, or even the chosen confidant of any such, or more especially look in upon their private hours, so fully do we believe that the union of congenial spirits alone can produce happiness. Opinion from one drew forth from the other opposing or corresponding opinion; mind wrought upon mind; and acquaintance there commenced, even in one short hour had advanced and reached a maturity from which neither could recede, and which, I warn the reader, had been attended with far happier consequences had their companionship or intimacy ended with the dance. We are not either a believer in the verity of love at first sight, though we have personal acquaintance with several matches that have continued long with most enviable results, where the prejudices in favor commenced by a casual meeting of the parties while strangers, in the street or in a merchant's shop, but in this simple tale it was not sight alone that fixed the mind of either party, for the lady was all prepared for such an event, not only by her natural propensity to cling closely to whatever in itself was lovely, but also by her friend's observations, which had imperceptibly stimulated her sensibilities, while the gentleman was pre-possessed more by her peculiar deportment accompanied by intellectual grace. Yet, with Mary's superior mental capacities and acquirements, we would impress upon the reader there was no attempt at display of learning or talent—no pedantry, (a female pedant who can endure?) but a peculiarly modesty of mind which not unfrequently feigned ignorance, lest she should be thought learned, or that by some expression of her uncommon taste for literature, she should seem vain of her gifts. We might

* A silly amusement; and one which, in spite of the voice of fashion, we consider unworthy of man or woman of sense, and opposed to pure morality.—ED. PEARL.

have supposed, however, that our hero had no serious partiality for Mary, and that his attentions this evening, which after the first introduction were devoted expressly to her, were but the sure effect of a fancy which would pass with the shadows of the night, did not the sequel which I am now to relate contradict it.

From this first acquaintance, commenced under circumstances unconnected with romance, there seemed a growing intimacy which one, at least, among the friends of Mary, rejoiced to see perfecting. No secret envyings embittered her own cup, or communicated its poison to the delicious draught her friend was drinking, for Hope Grayson was a rare specimen of human nature, almost entirely devoid of selfishness, constantly, and often secretly, ministering to the happiness of others. Thus time passed on till one year had nearly elapsed, and no verbal declaration of love had completed their hopes or foretold their destiny. Mary had grown sad in the struggle to conceal her affection and her fondness, when ill health obliged Baker to seek in his native clime, relief, if not restoration, from the ravages a serious pulmonary disease had made in his constitution. A violent cough had commenced its attack during the autumnal months, which rapidly increased as the cold season advanced, until all were apprehensive of a speedy decline; and his physician urged his quick return to his friends, and to that sunny clime which, to some, breathes pestilence, and to others bears healing on its wings. A few evenings previous to his intended departure, Mary had seated herself lonely and quietly by the parlor fire, her parents having left her to pass the evening with a friend, and in rather a melancholy mood had spread her portfolio before her, having taken her pen without any definite object but to while away the time, and dissipate the sadness which was secretly gathering fulness and strength within her bosom—an indefinite sadness which could not be defined, the mere result of unacknowledged love. Shortly, a gentle tap at the inner door started her from her occupation, and suddenly dropping her pen, she was in the act of scrambling her whole stationery together in a mass, in the confusion of the moment, when Horace Baker stood beside her, and in a tone as familiar as his entrance, he exclaimed:

"There, there, Mary, I knew you were a poet before, for none but poets possess so much imagination, or so much enthusiasm of character, or so much of romance as you."

"Romance? And do you call me romantic? Enthusiasm of character I know I possess, but where is the romance? I am sure I move about in the dull, everyday scenes of life just as other people do, interest myself in the same scenes, laugh when the world laughs, and weep with the multitude."

"Nay, you do more," he replied: "you weep alone and when they do not, I fancy; for, if I do not mistake, there is, even now, a tear dimming the lustre of that hazel eye, which should not weep without sympathy"—(he hesitated a moment, and then added)—"*my* sympathy."

Mary struggled with her feelings as she uttered: "Is this romance? What do you call romance?"

"Why," he replied, "it is an inexplicable something emanating from the heart, which sometimes implies more and sometimes less; sometimes representing qualities the most admirable and lovely in the female character, and throwing a charm over the whole heart; and again, the mere emanation of a weak and sickly sensibility. My definition is, an extravagance of imagination which revels in the wild and fanciful, and which, with proper balancing qualities, ever beautifies the female heart. But, if let loose and there be nothing to chasten or guide, it not only makes the possessor wretched, but morbid in all her aspirations. But come, Mary, now tell me what has made you so dull of late. You have seemed to lose in a great degree, your accustomed elasticity of spirit. What can be the cause?"

Mary turned her head to wipe the tear she could no longer detain in the fountain, and to summon resolution to reply, for he had touched a cord the most tender and secret in her whole heart; and not thoughtlessly or inadvertently had he so done—so far from it, he had resolved on searching out the mystery of some of her late misgivings, which she supposed had been concealed by a smile of compulsion in his presence, before he left the city; and, in truth, his very errand this evening had been, to learn if he were the cause, and if he was, to offer his heart, his hand, and his whole soul most publicly to her service. That she entertained the warmest interest in his welfare, he could not doubt—and that she wished him life and health and prosperity, and loved his society; but all this might be, he thought, and the heart still inaccessible to his love. The tearful eye, the tender tone, the half-smothered sigh, had never to him fully revealed the truth. While she was rallying for a reply, he had carelessly taken from her portfolio which had not yet been replaced, the sheet on which she was writing when he entered, and without appearing to notice her hesitation, he commenced reading to himself.

Where shall the heart find rest,
Free from its sorrow?

When weary, with care oppress,
Drear looks the morrow?

When those we in fondness cherished,
Turn from us away;
And the hopes reposed in them perished
As mist of the day,

How shall fond love mistaken,
Its wo-channels close?
Its dearest trusts all forsaken,
Calm ever repose?

How shall it bear coldness,
In fulness of strength?
How gather aught of boldness
To scorn e'en at length.

In the heart to forget is it,
What once it has loved?
Though fond hopes should ne'er visit
The spirit thus proved.

Shall the glowing flame created,
Indifference feed?

Neglect, or friendship, though inflated,
Be its only meed?

Father above, is it unholy
To trust fondly here?
Sin while the Savior lowly,
Lent friendship a tear.

Can it be, Heaven, more than folly
To love unreturned?
Can it be sinful wholly,
To cherish it spurned?

Do thou help me then, I pray thee,
To quench in my heart
All its burnings and my stay be—
Holy Guide impart.

And when separate from each other,
Teach me to forget;
And ne'er fondly on another
Thus my hopes to set.

For my soul is burthened deeply
With its folly here;
Pleasure ne'er is purchased cheaply—
With its price, a tear.

While he was earnestly tracing the half-illegible lines, Mary had recovered herself so as to be able in part to answer his question—for she would not for the whole world he should have read its full reply, which would have been but a tale of fearful, quenchless love. She turned and crushed the paper in his hands, remarking:

"Come, Horace, that is mere nonsense, and savors but of the same spirit you are so curious to scan. It aims at nothing—means nothing, no more than these foolish tears, which rise uncommissioned and fall unbidden."

For a moment the lovers sat in an awkward silence, which one dared not trust herself, and the other felt no disposition to break, for the poem together with her appearance had told the whole secret. He was doubtful now, more than ever, what course to pursue, much as he loved her and desired her love in return. To "declare himself," as the phrase is, and leave her to months of painful anxiety and suspense, with

the almost certain prospect that the grave alone could unite them, and therefore to find widowhood of heart; or to return to the South, leaving her free to forget or remember him, were at this moment contending purposes in his mind—to the former of which, for his own happiness, he was almost resolved to lean, while reason urged him to the latter. He was, indeed, completely unmanned, and his firmest and best resolutions had left him. He did not know the strength of woman's affection, and that forgetfulness of an object once beloved is among the impossibilities of her true nature, and that at any time she would rather consign the subject of her love to the grave, than to be the object of his final neglect. At length, being all as yet undecided, he broke the silence by saying:

"Mary, you will write to me when I am absent, will you not? for, obliged to lay at my oars for many months perhaps, with little to amuse me but this racking pain in my side, I shall need all the stimulants of friendship to keep me in spirits."

Least of all shall I be able to cheer you, thought Mary, as she replied: "You have many warm friends where you go, doubtless, in whose presence you will forget the ephemera with whom you have sported while here." And another silence ensued, the embarrassment and painfulness of which was broken by the entrance of Hope Grayson.

Immediately Baker arose, as if glad to escape from a scene where conflicting feelings had held him spell-bound; and with a kind expression to each, bade them good night, and departed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

The hero walked the guarded tent dismayed;
 A nation's pulse within his bosom played;
 War's dreaded legions lay encamped around,
 Like thirsty bloodhounds on the embattled ground.
 Cold was the day—dark the portentous hour,
 And Freedom wept within her lonely bower;
 Around her form Despair her mantle cast,
 While Hope stood trembling 'mid the furious blast.
 Winter's white ermine dressed each hill and dale,
 Each mountain top, each dew-bespangled vale;
 The lakes and streams were chilled by Boreas's breath;
 All nature seemed consigned to instant death.
 The sun, affrighted at th' appalling scene,
 Behind a cloud hid his enlivening beam.
 Loud howled the storm; pale Famine stalked around,
 And hope deferred kept Roman spirits bound.
 Pursued and hunted by th' invading foe,
 O'er ice-clad plains and mounds of drifted snow,
 Hungry and sad, no cheering prospect near,
 They sank exhausted, like the stricken deer.
 New Jersey's shore with Hessians lay o'erspread,
 Sure of success, by British chieftains led,
 Boasting of conquest, heedless of the spy,

Who gazed upon them with an eagle eye—
Mixed with the soldiers, marked their cantonments,
Counted their hosts and rambled round their tents :
Then to our chief quickly the tidings brings.
“Now is the time,” he cries, “to clip their wings!”
Fleeting his joy, as round the conqueror threw
His piercing eyes—all cheerless was the view.
A few disheartened soldiers lay around,
Weary and sad, upon the ice-clad ground,
Waiting, impatient for the hour to come,
When they should leave war’s blood-stained fields for home.

Hark ! ’mid the gloom a voice breaks on his ear :
“Our cause is desperate, but we do not fear.
Strike now the blow—let death or victory come—
Unfurl the banner—beat the stirring drum.
To arms ! to arms ! let each true patriot rise,
Till our artillery rend the vaulted skies.
We can but die—like men we’ll meet our doom ;
The cannon’s flash shall light us to the tomb !”

The tide of war rolled high its dashing wave—
They seized its flood, and floated o’er their grave.
To heaven their chief raised his imploring eye ;
Then through the ranks was heard his thrilling cry :
“To arms ! to arms !—now comes the trying hour.
Soldiers, awake ! once more exert your power.
Lo ! your commander leads you on to fame,
Immortal glory, or a martyr’s name !”

’Twas night ; the east wind with its murmuring roar,
Swept hoarsely down the Delaware’s icy shore.
’Twas night ; and ’mid the deep, broad vault on high,
No starlight gleamed athwart the troubled sky.
Down to the stream which forced its winding way
Through hills and valleys where the foeman lay,
Onward they strode. ’Twas hope’s last glimmering hour.
With spirits nerved by a mysterious power,
Down to the stream with naked feet they sped ;
The crimson current followed in their tread.
No moon’s pale beams illumed their weary way,
Lighting them onward to the direful fray.
Inspired alone by that heroic flame
Which burned the brighter as the battle came,
Led by their loved commander, lo ! they brave
The hail, the snow, and e’en the crested wave.
The cannon’s roar, the martial tramp, the drum,
Their floating banners, and bright thoughts of home
Allure them onward ; while each fleeting breath
Quickens their steps for liberty or death !

Not such the scene within the foeman’s tent—
On mirth and sport each daring soul was bent.
Sure of success, their joyous laugh resounds,
While at the wine cup every bosom bounds.
“Come, bring the viol—sweep the breathing lyre—
Let war’s dread tumults for a while retire ;
Fill high the bowl, and sing of Beauty’s charms,

Until once more we feel her clasping arms ;
Till home and children on our visions rise
In vine-clad bowers beneath our sunny skies.
Renew the fire, and trim each flickering light—
Let the storm howl, we'll keep our spirits bright ;
In mirth and joy and revelry we'll spend
This wintry night—let wine and music blend ;
Furl the red banner—wrap its folds around,
And let our arms lay harmless on the ground ;
The *rebels* fly—the day is now our own,
Our souls shall riot on a nation's groan.
How the scene brightens !—wine and mirth and glee !
Haste—spread the banquet—England's boys are we !”

Thus spake the haughty sons of Britain's isle,
Then laid them down, a vain, inglorious pile—
Their senses deadened by the poisonous bowl,
Which o'er them threw its deep, but short control.

Lo ! the loud cannon rend the earth and sky !
While pealing sounds from lighter muskets fly.
The martial notes, as from the “spirit land,”
Break on their ear. A wild, distracted band
They rise—they rush—and on each other fall,
While echoing groans answer each other's call.
“The rebels, ho ! the rebels—lo ! they're here !
List their commander's voice, so shrill and clear !”
“Strike now, my boys—let every bullet tell !
Strike now, my boys, till e'en the desert swell
With the loud echo of our victory !
Now is your time—be true, and we are free !”

Loud through the air the dread artillery play'd—
The electric flash their onward footsteps stay'd.
Amid the roar of elemental strife,
Again was heard their General's voice, all rife
With martial ardor, and a nation's fame :
“Come on, my boys—ours is a deathless name.
Fight, till our flag shall wave in triumph here—
Fight, till our arms shall every traitor clear—
Fight, till the earth on which our spirits burn
Shall be our own, or prove a nation's urn !”

Close was the conflict—hot the battle came,
Shoulder to shoulder—lo ! the sword—the flame !
Mowed down their ranks, the frightened Hessians fled,
While death's dark angel muttered o'er the dead.
Again the cannon with its thundering roar,
Swept through their ranks—the thick'ning volleys pour ;
Again was heard the battle cry, the moan,
The clashing sword, the foeman's final groan.
Aghast with fear, they fought, they fell, they ran,
They knew not whither—ho ! their broken van !
'Mid fire and smoke, upon th' ensanguined plain,
They lay in heaps, the dying and the slain.
Their dreams of joy fled like the morning light,
And hope's bright visions vanished from their sight.

Sag Harbor, L. I., April 18, 1842.



TARTAR WEDDING.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

"THE courtship of the Calmucks is a horse race. The lady whose good will is solicited, is mounted on horseback, and the wooer follows. If he is favored, he is permitted to overtake; if not, whip and spur are vain, for the lady is too good an equestrian, and has too much at stake, to be overtaken. Among the Crim Tartars, courtship and marriage are cumbered with ceremony, and the contract is made with the heads of the tribe. At the period of the wedding, the villages near are feasted for several days. Much ceremony is used in preparing the bride, who is bound to show every symptom of reluctance. The priest asks the bride if she consents, and on the affirmative, blesses the couple in the name of the prophet, and retires. There is a great ceremony and cavalcade, when the bride is carried to her future home. She is carried in a close carriage, under the care of her brothers, while the bridegroom takes a humble station in the procession, dressed in his worst apparel, and badly mounted. A fine horse, however, is led for him by a friend, who receives from the mother of the bride a present of value, as a shawl."—*Selected*.

SYMPATHY.—It is from having suffered ourselves, that we learn to appreciate the misfortunes and the wants of others, and become doubly interested in preventing or relieving them. "The human heart," as an elegant French author observes, "resembles certain medicinal trees, which yield not their healing balm until they have themselves been wounded."

Original.

THE BLIND WIDOW.

BY REV. RALPH W. ALLEN.

IN the town of ———, county of ———, there lived a female, who, in the latter part of her earthly pilgrimage, met with two severe calamities—the loss of sight, and the loss of her husband. She had, in early life, become pious; and this, combined with a disposition naturally bland, amiable and obliging, secured to her the confidence, respect and esteem of all who knew her. Her parentage was respectable, and her advantages, which had been more than ordinary, had been well improved. Her well-disciplined and polished mind, in conjunction with her piety and lovely disposition, seemed to qualify her for extensive usefulness.

A friend, on visiting her, said, alluding to her husband's death—

"Mary, I hope you are not a stranger to the comforts of religion, under your recent bereavement. God has indeed taken from you a beloved companion."

"No, sir," she replied; "I am as happy as I can expect to be on this side the better land. My language is—

'Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.'

The next question propounded was—

"On what is your happiness founded?"

"From my childhood," said she, "I was fond of reading the Holy Scriptures. A gentleman, who felt deeply interested for my welfare, and who watched over my spiritual interests, perceiving my love to the Scriptures, presented me with a copy of Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Bible. This book I daily read with prayer. When any passage of Scripture impressed my mind, from which I derived instruction, or caution, or reproof, I raised my heart to God in prayer. I said, 'Lord, write this Scripture upon my heart. If I come, at any time, into circumstances which may render it useful to me, let me then possess it.' It now appears, since I have unfortunately lost my eyesight, as though God heard every petition; for here I sit, solitary, hour after hour, and day after day, but God is with me. His promises, His cautions, His exhortations, and the examples of holy men, are brought so incessantly to my recollection, that God converses with me through the medium of His Word, and I converse with Him. And thus I spend my days, happily, and waiting for my change. I soon shall say—

The voyage of life is at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven I spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

What a value should we set on the Bible! A priceless treasure—an invaluable and precious gift! With what assiduity should we study its sacred pages! In the language of that beautiful, and universally admired writer, Hannah More—

"The Bible is a light to our feet, and a lamp to our path. It points to the truth, and the life. It is our guide while we live, and our trust when we die. It is the charter of our salvation, and the pledge of our immortality. If there were but one Bible in the world, all the wealth of that world would not be adequate to the value of that Bible."

New London, Conn., Aug. 1842.

Original.

RAINY DAYS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"RAIN! rain! rain! And no signs of its clearing off," exclaimed Fanny Rushwood, in a tone of voice by no means pleasant. "I can't go out a step to-day; it's really too provoking!" and Miss Fanny threw herself on the sofa with a frown on her pretty face, and the last new novel in her hand.

Fanny was not very fond of reading, and did not often resort to it, even in the form of a novel, unless on a rainy day, which was her especial abhorrence. We may conclude Miss Fanny did not find her book very interesting, for her head was soon gently reclined on the arm of the sofa, and the novel slid gradually out from the dependent hand, and fell upon the floor. She was not destined, however, to enjoy a very quiet slumber, for presently the door was thrown quickly open, and her little brother came running in, with the joyful exclamation—

"Oh, Fanny! I've got a new puzzle, and I wish you'd help me—"

Here the little fellow stopped short, and with a disturbed countenance stood still, holding his toy in his hand.

"What did you wake me up for, you noisy creature? You're always in the way. Why didn't you go to school?"

"I didn't know you were asleep, Fanny, or I would not have come in;" and the tears began to roll down the poor child's cheeks.

Seeing this, Fanny became a little ashamed of her selfishness, and was on the point of bidding her brother come to her, and receive her assistance, when her mother said,

"Come here, Charley, and I will show you about your puzzle."

Charley's countenance brightened; he stepped quickly to the side of his mother, who kindly laid her work aside; and in the interest of the game, he soon forgot his sister's unkindness.

Fanny rose, and with a careless and languid step, walked to the window, and lounging on a chair, amused herself for awhile with gazing fretfully out. But, as the rain was pouring violently down, very little was to be seen. Men, with great coats and dripping umbrellas, hurrying along on business, or a carriage with forlorn and half-drowned-looking horses were all that relieved the scene, while the heavy rain-drops fell plashing on the pavement, and rivulets of water rushed down the sides of the street. It was a dismal scene enough to Fanny, whose great pleasure was in promenading the principal streets, attired in elegant and fashionable array, and receiving with a proud smile, the courtesies and deference paid to youth and beauty. Fanny had been away from home several years; and at her grandmother's, she was indulged in every wish and every caprice, till she was nearly spoiled. She had not been at home long, and she certainly did not add very much to the happiness of the family by her presence. In fact, *self* was her idol, though she was unconscious of it; and whatever interfered with this, was an unwelcome intruder. Her parents saw this disposition with pain and sorrow, and used great efforts to correct it, but, as yet, with but little effect.

"I don't see any use in its raining so, and I wish it would leave off some time or other!" exclaimed the wayward girl, in an angry tone, as she rose in a pettish manner, and walked towards her mother.

Her mother's dark and beautiful eyes were shaded with melancholy, as she cast a

half-reproachful glance upon her daughter; but she did not say anything, for, in Fanny's state of mind, it would only have irritated her, and she had often before spoken to her on the subject. Fanny's eyes fell, and a very slight flush suffused her cheek, as she met her mother's glance. She hastily left the room; and as she closed the door, her little brother clapped his hands joyously, and exclaimed,

"Oh, mother! I'm so glad Fanny's gone: she's *so* cross!"

Mrs. Rushwood sighed, and told Charley he should not have disturbed her when she was asleep.

"Oh, but she's always cross, mother; and always says I'm in the way, and troublesome, and a plague—" And Charley was getting quite excited, when the door opened, and his sister Emma entered with her face dressed in smiles. Charley forgot his grievances in a moment, as the clouds disappear before sunshine, and running up to her, asked if she had learned all her lessons, and would tell him a story.

"A story, you little rogue!" said Emma, snatching him up and kissing him; "what story shall I tell you?"

"Oh, tell me a new story, sister Emma;" and the little one twined his arms lovingly round his sister's neck, all impatience for the story, which Emma soon began.

Mrs. Rushwood continued sewing, but sometimes her glance would fall on Emma, and a pleased and approving smile light up her countenance.

Fanny had retired to her own room; and, for an hour or two, she occupied herself in looking over her wardrobe—not with the intention of repairing it, or putting it in order, for she left that to others, but merely for the pleasure of admiring the beautiful dresses it contained, and fretting that she could not go out and display them. At last, as the dinner hour drew near, she put away two or three of them, and leaving the rest about, descended the stairs to join the family in the parlor. As she was crossing the entry, the door opened, and her father entered, fatigued with business, and wet with the rain, and taking off his dripping great coat, gave it to Fanny, and asked her to take it to the kitchen, and have it dried. Fanny received this simple request, not with a pleasant and cheerful manner, but slowly and unwillingly and with a deep frown, stretched out her reluctant hand for the coat, and then holding it at arm's length, carried it away, sullenly muttering something about spoiling her dress and the servant's place.

Such a reception was not very agreeable to her father, wearied with the cares and perplexities of business; but on entering the parlor, the different greeting which met him there, brought back the placid smile to his saddened countenance. Fanny soon entered, and taking her seat at the table in silence, made but one remark during the meal, which was,

"I wonder if it will clear off, so that I can go to Mrs. Margrave's party, this evening?"

After dinner, she watched the clouds till sunset, and seeing them break away, and a bright gleam of sunshine irradiate the sky, her spirits rose; she was full of life and good humor, and joyously prepared for the party, which she enlivened by her presence, and was sufficiently admired and caressed to satisfy even her love of admiration. While she was the belle of the evening, and the center of attraction at Mrs. Margrave's, her father and mother were at home, earnestly engaged in conversation about her too obvious faults and follies, and in devising a plan by which they might be corrected. They finally resolved to send her to pass some time with her aunt Mowbray, who resided at a delightful country seat, near a small and pleasant village, about two days' ride from the city. This aunt was her mother's sister, and a most lovely and amiable Christian, whom Fanny had seldom seen, but to whom she felt attached by hearing the praises of others.

When Fanny heard of this arrangement, which was communicated to her the next morning, she was at first very much disinclined to go, the brilliant success of the last evening having dazzled her mind, which had not yet recovered itself. But she became more reconciled to it, as she thought the Summer months were drawing near, when the city would have but few attractions, and consented to go at the end of a fortnight. Accordingly, the first of June, she set out with her father for the residence of her aunt, who daily expected her.

As the carriage disappeared, Charley clapped his hands gleefully, and exclaimed, "Now, Emma, wont we have a good time?"

Fanny passed the time at her aunt's very pleasantly. The family consisted of her uncle, aunt and three cousins, of whom the eldest, Mary, was about her own age; the other two were a boy of ten, and a little girl of three years. In disposition, Mary very much resembled her mother, but her manners were more sportive and full of vivacity; and as she exerted herself to contribute to her cousin's happiness, the hours flew pleasantly by.

Fanny's disposition was naturally good, but indulgence had created the selfishness before spoken of; and her parents did well in sending her to her aunt's, where every one was anxious to do every thing for each other, self being thrown aside. Being removed from the glare and glitter of fashionable life, gave a favorable opportunity for her powers of observation to exert themselves; and many qualities were brought into notice, in others and in herself, upon which she had never before bestowed much thought. The affection for each other which reigned in that family, was delightful. When her uncle came home, he was joyously met and welcomed; all wanted to do something for him, and even little Lucy would run with childish eagerness to bring papa's slippers, and claim his kiss in return. Mary took almost a mother's interest in Lucy; and never did a cold look, or an angry word, repulse the glad feelings of love which ever led Lucy to her sister's side. If Mary was gone, Lucy would watch eagerly for her coming, and bound joyously to meet her on her return; and a glance of disapprobation from her, was a severe punishment for any childish fault. If George wanted assistance in his lessons or his plays, or sympathy, or advice, away would he run to sister Mary, who was always ready. Mary was very beautiful too, but she did not seek to attract attention, nor to desire the universal homage her cousin sought. All who knew her, loved her, and Fanny among the rest; yet she did not know half her good qualities, for Mary made no display. She discovered, by accident, many instances of her charity and benevolence, but her daily self-denial could not be hid. Fanny was ashamed to show her selfishness to such friends, and insensibly began to watch herself, and enquire into her motives of action, and endeavor to become like her cousin. Had there been the slightest assumption of superiority on Mary's part, probably Fanny's pride would have been aroused, and prevented the beginning of this good work, but with all her virtues, Mary possessed the essential one of humility.

Religious principles had long slumbered in Fanny's bosom, but now they began to show signs of awakening. The spark was yet feeble, and her aunt took care to fan it gently, lest she should put it out; but every day saw it burn a little brighter, with a steadier light. Sometimes Fanny accompanied her cousin to the abodes of poverty and want; and though some scenes of wretchedness made her shudder, yet it taught her to appreciate her own advantages, and be more grateful for them. She learned, too, the true value of riches, and found the sums she had carelessly wasted in trifles would have brought comfort to the distressed and suffering. It amazed her to think how little, judiciously managed, would result in great good; and she learned that kind manners, without haughty condescension, sympathy and cheerful consolation, have

far greater value and produce a better effect than any bounty bestowed in scornful pity, or proud ostentation.

It may not be supposed that this work of reform was begun, or carried on, without effort. It was not so. Fanny's best resolutions were sometimes broken, and temptation sometimes gained the victory. It was no easy thing to eradicate habits of thought and action, strengthened by the growth of years, but then she had been awakened to see the necessity of this, and the first step, the most important one, had been taken. The most judicious assistance was rendered her by her aunt and cousin, in a way which was more felt than seen; and every triumph over selfishness and the love of display, every pure motive of action and benevolent deed gave Fanny a joy, which she owned to herself surpassed all the sweet incense of flattery that had ever been burned at the shrine of her beauty. Removed from scenes of fashion and folly, she learned more fully to appreciate those virtues which modestly seek retirement. Much, too, had been done to awaken in her a love of reading; and as she had unavoidably long intervals of leisure time, she insensibly acquired a taste for good reading, which gradually increased.

Though Fanny's visit had extended far into the months of Autumn, yet she was so happy her mother had no desire to recall her, but left her at liberty to return when she wished. Fanny could not resolve to go home without having her cousin Mary accompany her; and though it was a sacrifice to her family, yet they all loved her too well to refuse their consent to what was evidently Mary's desire. It was about a week before they intended leaving, when they were all assembled round the breakfast table, the fire blazing cheerily in the grate, and every thing within in delightful contrast with a violent rain storm, which dashed against the windows without.

"Oh, I am so glad it rains!" said Fanny, in a joyous tone, as she seated herself at the table.

"And so am I," "And I," "And I," exclaimed two or three voices in chorus.

"And why are you all glad it rains?" said Mr. Mowbray, looking round on the happy group with a cheerful smile.

"I am glad," replied Mrs. Mowbray, "because I wish to have a morning of uninterrupted leisure, to attend to the wants of the poor Carrolls."

"And I," said Mary, "that I may finish altering my old cloak for Jane Mears to wear to school, as 'Winter's now come fairly,' and the poor child needs it."

"And I am glad," said Fanny, blushing slightly, "for several causes. Because I wish to have a whole day, free from company or calls, that I may finish the clothes we have so often been prevented from making for the little orphan Allen children. And George will read us the letters from Palmyra we are so much interested in; and then I have some other work I want to finish;" and Mary smiled as she touched her apron pocket, for she knew Fanny was netting a handsome purse for her uncle.

"I am glad," said little Lucy, "because—because all the rest are glad."

"A very good reason too, darling," said her father, smiling. "And I can sympathize with you all—for, as deeds of charity seem to be the order of the day, I shall devote it to settling a dispute between two of my tenants, which threatens, without some mediation, to become rather serious." Soon after, wishing them a pleasant performance of their various avocations, he left them.

The day was indeed passed happily. Little annoyances were good-humoredly laughed at; and at night every thing was done, and Fanny had the pleasure of presenting her uncle with the purse she so much wished to finish, and of receiving his pleased thanks in return. The next day was clear and cold, and the two cousins, with happy hearts and smiling faces, went forth on their errands of mercy, and found an ample reward in the pleasure they conferred.

When Fanny returned home, the change in her manners was a source of delight to all her family, and she could not help wondering why she had not always been as happy at home. She mingled again in the circles of fashionable life, but with different feelings. She was more than ever beautiful, but yet no longer a *belle*, for her manners were no longer frivolous—a certain degree of frivolity being necessary to attract the gay and thoughtless. Fanny had found sources of enjoyment higher and purer, and was appreciated by the noble and pure-spirited. And when, the next first of June, she again left her father's house, not for her aunt Mowbray's, but as the bride of the high-souled Edward Devens, Charley stood by his mother's side, and looking up, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed,

"Oh, mother! how sorry I am Fanny is gone! She is so good, and so kind, what shall we do without her?"

Original.

FAIR FLOWERS.

BY MISS C. L. NORTH.

A LADY, gathering flowers for children, remarked, "They have a claim I cannot refuse."

They claim the *fair* flowers: I cannot refuse
The voice of young beauty, so sweetly it sues.
A lovelier hue on their soft cheek glows
Than blooms in the heart of the opening rose;
And the violet's richest, sunniest dye
Is dim to the ray of their sparkling eye.
I will give them flowers in their fairest dress,
But emblems faint of their own loveliness.

They claim the *frail* flowers: so passes away
The morning beam of their opening day.
Like the bud that is withered their beauty may fail,
The rose of their cheek in its blooming be pale,
The purest of lilies in freshness may die,
And lost be the lustre of their beaming eye:
I cannot refuse the passing flower—
May they read their fate in its life of an hour.

THE POLITICIAN.

[SEE THE PLATE.]

WE are sure that this beautiful engraving will afford pleasure to our readers this month. It is a graphic picture of a man in the lower walks of life, absorbed in the witching theme of politics. Seated in his stall, the morning paper is brought to him by the newsboy. Immediately, every thing is laid aside; the awl, hanging in the half-mended boot, is thrown upon the bench; and even his well-blackened pipe is, for the moment, rejected. Every faculty is enlisted in his subject; every power strained in the eager desire to learn the fate of parties—the victory or defeat of whigs and to-ries. It is true to life, and cannot fail to strike the eye favorably.